

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, January 5, 1811.

[NO. 11.]

ALBERT AND EMMA.

(An Interesting Tale.)

Continued.

When she arrived in the great hall, she met with a female of a respectable appearance, and of an advanced age. She eagerly enquired after her father, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see him.—The housekeeper answered Emma, with the appearance of much sensibility, that Bernard was so perfectly recovered, by a cordial which she had administered, that he had returned to his daily occupation, ignorant that his illness could have reached his daughter's ear. 'Thank heaven!' exclaimed the innocent Emma, 'O madam, accept my humble gratitude for your goodness towards him, but suffer me to see my dear father; I will watch by his side during the labours of the day, or attend him to our cottage, if he will permit me to lead him thither.'

'Be no longer anxious my lovely child,' replied the matron, 'your father will be here at the hour when the turret bell shall call the family to dinner; he promised to meet my lord's steward, to receive some orders from the baron.' The unsuspecting Emma thanked her kind informer, and was departing, but pressed condescendingly to continue there till the return of Bernard, and in the interval, to take a survey of the apartments in the castle, in some of which alterations were making, she contented to wait her father's return. While her obliging guide was leading her into a large saloon, she turned round to seek for Agnes, whom till that instant, she imagined to have been still near her side. She expressed some anxiety at her absence, to the housekeeper, who observed, that her friend had remained in the first hall, and immediately sent a woman, then descending a staircase, to escort her to them.—Emma, in the mean time, pur-

sued the steps of her conductress, who having passed several apartments, opened a door that led to a library, and which she had no sooner entered, and directed the attention of Emma to a fine portrait of the late marchioness de Clairville, that hung over the chimney, than she disappeared. Emma, for some moments, was lost in contemplating the angelic countenance of a woman, whose sad fate she had heard so frequently and so tenderly deplored, when she was suddenly roused from these melancholy reflections, by the opening of a glass door, which led to a colonnade filled with exotic plants. If she felt embarrassed by the appearance of the baron who entered thence into the library, what were her sensations, when, on making an immediate attempt to quit it herself, she found the door of the apartment locked, and beheld the baron de Morenzi at her feet, in an attitude of respectful tenderness.

The confusion and surprise of Emma, at the humble posture of the baron, could only be heightened by his address. She had instantly retreated a few paces from the door which she had vainly attempted to open, and supported herself

with difficulty against a book-case. 'Be not alarmed, charming Emma,' said the baron, in a voice of assumed softness, 'you see before you a man, who, till he beheld your incomparable beauty, never completely lost his liberty. Regard me no longer as the master of your father, but as the slave and lover of his daughter, and who only waits her commands to shew by his obedience the truth and generosity of his sentiments.' During this speech, Emma's gentle frame was agitated by a variety of inexpressible emotions. Amazement, fear, and indignation prevented her interrupting the baron; but when, on his rising and advancing to her at the close of his speech, he attempted to take her hand. 'My lord, said she shrinking from his touch, 'you must permit me to assure you, that I have no wish but to return to my father; in his cottage all my ideas of happiness are centered. Condescend to open this door, or to admit my departure through that colonade; my intrusion here was entirely owing to madame de Chalons, who proposed to shew me the castle.' How much indebted am I then to her,' replied the baron, 'for this interview, which gives

me an opportunity to unfold the sentiments of a heart devoted to you alone. No longer shall such beauty, formed to shine in palaces, be concealed in a cottage. Accept my affections, and command my fortune.

Indignant blushes dyed the cheeks of Emma, at a proposal, which she could not misconceive, and all the pride of wounded delicacy rushing into her bosom, suspended for a moment its natural timidity, and animated her to pronounce these words: 'That fortune, my lords, from which you assume the privilege thus to insult the daughter of a peasant, can neither dazzle my vanity, nor tempt my ambition; my humble birth inspires in me no pride, but that of virtue, and the possession of no dignity, but that of conscious innocence. Allow me to retire, my lord; my father doubtless wonders at my absence.' 'Your father, forward beauty, waits my pleasure in the castle,' returned the baron, with a look of anger, 'your compliance or rejection of my generous offers will decide his future fate. Recollect, Emma, the extent of my power; dread my resentment, or deserve my gratitude; they each shall be un-

bounded. If you reward my passion, your father will reside in this castle, freed from the toils of servitude, the witness and partaker of those benefits which my love shall heap upon you; receive this casket of jewels, as a trifling earnest of a liberality, which shall know no limits.' While the baron displayed the sparkling treasure to the eyes of the ambitious Emma, she pushed them from her with disdain. 'Once more my lord,' said she, 'let me assure you, that I have a heart impenetrable to vanity, or to any graudeur, to which the power of wealth could raise me; 'But,' cried the baron, interrupting, her softening the natural ferocity of his features, and gazing tenderly on her, 'is your heart impenetrable to love and cannot it be moved to yield a generous return to sentiments so sincere? Let me owe to mutual affection, that which you deny to ambition; and accept the honours which shall be offered you, as a tribute due from my gratitude, rather than as bribes to assure your compliance.' 'Never, never,' replied Emma; 'my heart will ever continue as untouched by love, as by your proffered gifts; it is proof against every sentiment, that

would injure my honour and debase my virtue! 'I understand you, presumptuous girl,' returned the baron, 'you would raise your daring hopes to share by legal ties my name and rank. 'No,' exclaimed Emma, 'could you stoop so low as to demand my hand in an honourable alliance, my heart would reject the offer, and my tongue disclaim an union, which no intreaties could induce, no authority compel me to accept! After this honest confession, my lord, you will suffer me to quit your presence. The enraged baron was now raised to a pitch of resentment which banished at the moment every passion but that of anger. Mortified pride stung him to the quick; and viewing her with a look of contempt, 'Tis well,' said he, 'your audacity has dispelled the charm of beauty; unworthy of a prepossession, which covers me with disgrace, you may return to that obscurity and indigence, which befit the meanness of your birth, and the groveling sentiments of your soul.' Uttering these words he took a key from his pocket, and throwing it on the ground left her at liberty; she instantly seized the opportunity to unfasten the door, and to

escape; hastening through the hall, instead of turning toward the offices by which she had entered it, she took advantage of the great door, that stood open, and descending a flight of steps with a celerity urged by her fears of detention, she flew across the court, darted through the iron gates, and gained the end of the front avenue in a few moments. She then stopped, for want of breath and sunk, almost spent, under the shade of a lofty elm; recollecting, however, that she was not beyond the reach of pursuit, should the enraged baron change his mind, and attempt to recall her, she arose, and casting an apprehensive look toward the castle, she perceived her father advancing toward her with slow steps; assured by his presence, she hesitated not to wait his approach; and he had no sooner reached the spot, where she stood trembling to receive him, than they clasped each other in a silent embrace; but Emma urged by the dread of a moment's delay, entreated her father to suspend all interrogations till they should have regained their cottage, which they had no sooner reached, than they each gave vent to the agitations, which mutually oppressed them.

The story of Bernard's illness had been a fabrication, invented merely for the purpose of entrapping his daughter in the snare laid for her. As he passed the castle, in the morning, he had been met by Monsieur DU VAL, the steward, and requested to wait there to receive the commands of his lord, who had some despatches to communicate to him, greatly to his advantage. The good old man who never yet had formed a wish, beyond the sufficiency which his humble station had always allowed him, heard this circumstance with cold indifference; but out of respect to the baron, waited his pleasure. He was introduced into a pavilion in the garden, and requested not to quit it till the baron, who proposed to join him there, should dismiss him.

He remained above two hours, in vain expectation; the steward at length entered, and informed him that he had liberty to depart, as the baron's sentiments were changed in regard to him, from the ungrateful rejection, which Emma had presumed to offer to proposals that did her but too much honour, and would have raised her and her family to a situation which must have ren-

dered them objects of envy to the surrounding peasantry.— Bernard, strongly agitated, replied to this harangue, 'then may I truly glory in my child, whose steady virtue teaches her to resist the treacherous arts of seduction, and to spurn at an elevation, which would sink her far beneath her lowly birth and humble education. Let me hasten from a spot once the residence of worth and honour, but now become the scene of infamy and shame. 'Have a care, old man,' replied Du Val, how you tempt the vengeance of your master, by such daring language.' 'I fear no danger,' interrupted Bernard, 'but the loss of honour, and own no real master but that Power Omnipotent, who guarded the innocent, forsakes only the guilty!'— Having thus said, he reached the lodge; the porter opened a private gate which admitted him through the avenue, where he joined, as before related, his beloved daughter.

(To be Continued.)

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In thy choice of a Wife,  
take the daughter of a good  
mother.

THE  
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

TWO French gentlemen, who were on their travels in Italy, in the year 1779, stopped at the Dutchy of Urbano, where they proposed to remain a few months. As their principal object was merely that of amusing themselves by researches into the natural history and mineralogy of the country, they had left their carriage and servants at Formignano, and continued their excursions on foot to such places as were most deserving their attention.

One afternoon in the month of August, they had wandered farther than usual, and suddenly found themselves in the midst of a valley, the wild and romantic aspect of which invited their attention. The hope of discovering some of the wonderful productions with which nature abounds, in the recesses of the steep rocks that surrounded them, induced them to prolong their stay beyond their original intention.

After having followed the course of a rivulet, which meandered through several huge masses of granite, they arrived

at the entrance of a spacious grotto, overgrown with thick moss, and shaded by the gloomy foliage of lofty fir and cypress trees. The profound silence that reigned around them was only interrupted by the turtle-doves, whose plaintive murmurs were re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains, and by the monotonous sound of a number of cascades, whose transparent waters, after having formed a vast basin, reflecting the serene azure of the sky, lost themselves in the luxuriant scene, amidst the aromatic plants which embalmed the air with the sweetest perfume.

Fatigue, and the excessive heat of the weather, induced the two friends to enter the grotto, and enjoy its refreshing coolness. After having for some time been lost in admiration of the sublime beauties of the country open to their view, they were impelled by curiosity to explore the interior part of the grotto. The soil on which they walked was smooth, and covered with light moss; an easy declivity conducted them to a kind of vaulted passage, through which the light penetrated by numerous cavities of the rock. The desire of discovering petrifications, or other objects of natu-

ral history, so captivated their attention, that they insensibly found themselves bewildered in the subterraneous labyrinth, and when they wished to return, they in vain endeavoured to retrace the path which had conducted them to the spot at which they had arrived. The faint light that reflected with dread, that night would soon surprise them in a place, from which, in all probability, no human creature would come to deliver them. They stopped a few minutes to determine what course they should adopt, and at length resolved to continue advancing, since which ever way they directed their steps the danger was equal. Night soon augmented their perplexity, and they were compelled to use every precaution, in order to avoid falling over the numerous rocky projections with which, they had observed, the place abounded.

After proceeding for three quarters of an hour, with extreme fatigue, they thought they perceived the doubtful rays of a light at some distance. They quickened their pace, and were soon convinced that the light they had seen, came from a sort of recess, or apartment, cut out in the rock. The fear

of discovering robbers at first deterred them from entering; however, their curiosity got the better of their apprehensions, they advanced with caution, and, to their inexpressible surprise, distinguished a venerable Hermit on his knees, and his eyes raised towards Heaven. A lamp, placed at some distance, reflected its pale, fluttering light upon a tomb, strewed over with a few branches of cypress and wild roses—. The Hermit appeared to be about forty five years of age; he was extremely emaciated, but his figure and deportment were noble and commanding. He prayed with the most fervent devotion; suddenly, as if inspired by the sentiment which animated him, he exclaimed in a lofty tone of voice—"God of Mercy, receive the prayers of thy servant!"—Then turning towards the tomb, he inclined his head, crossed his hands on his breast, his countenance appeared depressed, he heaved a deep sigh and tears fell from his eyes.

An ejaculation which escaped one of the travellers, startled the hermit. He looked round him with astonishment, and perceiving the two strangers, immediately drew forth a pistol from his girdle.

*(To be Continued.)*

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER X.

SATURDAY, Dec. 29, 1810.

*Terra saluifera: herbas, eademque,  
noncentos,  
Nutrit; et urtica proximo saepe resa est.*

DOUBTLESS, every man in his right and proper reason, knows that the same ground upon which the *Nettle* is procured, gives also growth to the blooming and fragrant *Rose*: and all faculated beings must be aware that the animal creation approximates the vegetable as nearly as it is possible.

In this world, considered as an extensive Garden, we behold (to speak metaphorically) the poisonous shoot, comingling with the nutritious and salubrious herb, and destroying by its pestiferous exhalations the wholesome parts of creation. There is not a spot on the habitable globe, but what is, in some degree, contaminated by the vicious principles and propensities of man, and in the catalogue, none tends more to the destruction of general, and individual happiness, than the vice of *Seducing Female Innocence*.—And none stand more conspicuous in the roll of infamy than those

who wilfully plant the dagger of never ending remorse into the bosom of the unsuspecting. The subject of *Seduction*, I admit to have underwent many elaborate examinations and nearly all the writers who have treated upon it, acted, or pretended they were acting under the banners of *Virtue*, but I fear numbers of them have tended to ruin the cause they appeared to espouse, and who like the angler, with artificial fly, only gilded the snare of destruction, that their victims might fall a more easy prey.—When a bold and open stroke is made by some licentious writer, to sap the foundation of Religion or Mortality, upon perusing the work, the mind feels a pain at the authour's depravity, the senses take the alarm, reason interferes, and disgust ensues, we throw aside the production, with anger at the audacious undertaking, and it is no more thought on: Not so, when *Vice* comes clad in the shining robes of *Virtue*, she then gains easy admittance, we receive her familiarly because we mistake her person, and she makes sure of the most spotless; with a deleterious sophistry she gains such an ascendancy over those who once give her a corteous re-

ception, that it becomes a difficult task ever thereafter to forgo the Sirens' company.—So prone is mankind to follow *Vice*, especially when they conceive or flatter themselves, that the phantom they patronize, is *Virtue*, and that she is only in an *indulgent humour*! Fatal security! Dreadful delusion!—When once accustomed to look upon *Vice* other than she is, misery and ruin is the inevitable consequences.—Leaving those writers who have heretofore treated upon Seduction, to such as think proper to descant upon them; I shall proceed to make some remarks on the subject myself, and though I may possibly fail in producing any good effects from my observations, I humbly trust I shall do no harm. The word *Seduction*, has a very extensive signification: it is not, however, my intention to enter into the several branches of its meaning, but confine myself solely to the Crime of Seducing Female Loveliness and Purity from the tranquil paths of *Honor* and *Happiness*.

There is no 'crime in the chronology of Hell, so black as is' the one of depriving an unprotected, harmless, and confiding female, of that birth-

right—the only gem that can make life supportable—I mean her *Honor*—Strip her once of *that*, and you take from the casket all that is valuable, and leave nothing but the empty case, which is of too little note to command a passing glance! Take from the female her *reputation*, and she falls—though but in the prime of life and health—like the ear of corn, before the blighting stroke of lightning—Her worth is forever after estimated as the husbandman estimates the blade, from which he hath threshed his crop: as fit for nothing but to be trampled upon by the beast of his field.

Hence, what must that man be, who, under the guise of *Love* and *Protection*, causes such mighty ruin?—The reply must be—a *villian*,—of the blackest and deepest cast.

The nefarious work of the Seducer, falls not only upon the deluded victim of his arts, but upon the whole circle of her relatives and friends. On one side, a Father, or Brother—perhaps both—mad with rage, surrender up their lives, to the more cool and deliberate aim of the prostrator of their hopes and affections; on the other, the heart-broken Mother, in silent sorrow, sinks to the grave

under an accumulated anguish,  
too poignant to be endured.

I have seen a female as lovely as the beams of the morning : as light and lively as the Fawn on the plain : as mirthful as *Hebe*. Her presence diffused gaiety, and her smile bade defiance to care. The Spoiler came—he approached this beauteous maid.—The roses withered upon her cheek. She droop'd like the lilly, after the tempest had rolled through the valley.—She bent under her affliction, as the willow bendeth beneath the blast.—Her couch was nightly watered with the bitter tears of repentance, as the dews of heaven water the meads in Summer.—Her walks were lonely and silent as the mansions of death. No friendly voice, consoled the disconsolate mourner, no cheerful smile irradiated the gloom of her solitude. Her parents wounded to dissolution by the misconduct of their child, slept with their fathers. Nature was exhausted : the springs of life ceased their motion, and the lovely *Emma*, returned to her parent earth.—Pass the spot, where with her family she sleeps from woe :—Ye hardened destroyers of Female virtue. And (if it do not scar. your eye-balls) read

this inscription, erected on the rustic pile :—

“ Behold

*The triumph of a Seducer,*

*The*

*Havoc of Villany.”*

\*\*\* My Correspondents must have a small degree of that valuable commodity, called *patience*, and they shall be nearly all of them shortly obliged ; indisposition has prevented me from making an arrangement of their several epistles. W.

*Errata.* In the *Speculator*, No. ix. 3d col. for ‘ *The experience*’ read ‘ *The explusion*.’

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

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‘ *Mirth, I yield me to thy sway.  
Charm the canker care away.*’

Chateaneuf, keeper of the seals to Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, ‘ I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is ?’ ‘ My Lord (replied the boy) I will give you *two oranges* if you will tell me where he is not ?’

An abbe, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. 'I believe so, says the peasant, looking at him jocosely; *I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning.*

A few months ago a field preacher at Oakham, Rutlandshire, harrangued his hearers from the top of an old hogsh-head; when, speaking on the orthodoxy of belief, just at the moment of bellowing out. 'Here I stand upon the firm foundation of my faith!' the head of the hogsh-head burst and he instantly disappeared.

That was a good repartee which a father made to his friend, who advised him to prevent his son's marrying till he became wise. 'You are wrong my friend,' said the father, 'for if he ever becomes wise, he will *never marry.*

The celebrated Lady Wallace, when a very young girl, was romping with some other little misses near a mill dam, and was often very incautiously approaching the brink of the water, when Lady Maxwell, her mother, called out to her:

'For God's sake, girl, be more cautious, or you will most certainly tumble into the water and be drowned.' 'Then I'll be damned, Mamma,' (replied the young punster). Oh! child, (remarked her mother) that wit of yours, will one day prove your ruin.' 'I'm sure, then, it wont be *mother-wit,*' retorted the little minx.

A quaker going passenger in one of the ferry boats between Leith and Kinghorn, a bottle of gin was produced by one of the sailors, out of which the King was drank; but when it came to the quaker, he drank to 'the King whom the Lord loveth,' 'G—d d—m your soul,' says one of the sailors, 'that is *not King George!*'—'Yea, verily friend, and thou hast said it.'

A certain Divine about to change his congregation; mentioned that subject from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro man belonging to the congregation, and who was one of his admirers, went up to him, and desired to know the motives leaving his first flock; the pson answered, 'he had a ca I, massa, (returned the negro who called you? 'God At-

mighty,' answered the parson. 'I, massa, he call ye?' 'Yes, Jack, he called me' 'Massa, what you get here?' 'I got 200l.' 'And what you get totter place?' 'Why, I am to get 400l.' 'I, massa, God Almighty call you till he be blind from 400l. to 200l. you no go.'

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A woman who was not a water drinker, once walking with her husband, remarked, that it either rained, or would rain, for that she had just got *a drop in her eye*. 'Nay, my dear,' replied the husband, 'that you got before you left home.'

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When Mr. Fox was canvassing for Westminster, he called on a butcher in St. James's Market to solicit his vote.—The knight of the cleaver, without ceremony, thus answered his application: Sir, I admire your head, but damn your heart.' To which Mr. Fox replied, 'Sir, I admire your candour, but damn your manners.'

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A gentleman who by a fall had broken one of his ribs, mentioning the circumstance in a city coffee-house, and de-

scribing the pain and inconvenience he felt; a surgeon who was present asked him if the injury he had sustained was near the vertebræ? 'No Sir,' replied he, 'it was within ten yards of the Obelisk in St. George's Fields.'

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Negligence in reading sometimes produces whimsical coincidences. An old Joe Miller records the story of a clergyman, who reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence in the page to be, 'And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife.' Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read in an audible voice, 'And she was pitched within and without.' He had unhappily got into the middle of a description of Noah's ark.

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An atheistical fellow in a storm, began to use his rhetoric: 'Lord, I beseech thee hear my prayer now, for thou knowest I trouble thee but seldom.'

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*Miseries of human life.*—A poor man with a rich chancery suit; a dull fiddle without rosin; & myself without tobacco.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, January 5, 1811.

*"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time."*

*Coroner's Report.*

On Friday evening, Dec. 28, a man walked into the Albany Bason, from Messrs. Ludlum and Vanderpool's store, and although immediately taken out of the water by a watchman and another man, who jumped in after him, and the assistance of two physicians obtained, he died in their hands. He was a stout man, about 35, with large whiskers meeting under his chin, by his accent in the store, a Frenchman, and dressed in a drab kerseymere coat, black velvet vest, corded pantaloons, white woollen stockings, and shoes.

On Thursday evening last, about 7 o'clock, the back building of the house No. 8 William street, was nearly destroyed by fire; and the front house considerably injured. The house was occupied by Miss Shackerly, who, with her family, were out on a visit. Mr. Louis Kopman, merchant, occupied the back building (where the fire originated) as a counting-room and store, and has lost goods to a considerable amount.—Mr. D. Wotherspoon, merchant, occupied the front store, but his goods were saved with some damage. The house which belongs to Mr. Robert Brown, and the goods were insured.

*Providence, Dec. 24.*

On Wednesday evening last, the cotton factory at Sterling (Con) was totally consumed in one hour. Nothing was saved. The loss is estimated at about 20,000 dolls. The fire caught through the carelessness of those who were employed in the picking room, 8000 dollars was insured.

*Fire—At Providence, R. I. some old buildings on the west side of the river.*

*Boston, Dec. 31.*

On Saturday evening about 7 o'clock, the alarm of fire was made, by the breaking out of that destructive element in the stable at the corner of Milk and Hawley streets, occupied by Mr. Soper. The combustible materials, contained with tinder box was soon exploded, and the flames scattered in every direction.—The fire raged for nearly two hours and consumed, two adjoining ones, owned by Mrs. White and Mr. Connor and occupied by Messrs. Walton and Gurney; two dwelling houses, occupied by Mr Lillie, and Mrs Fosdick, a barn of M. Winthrop's, and several work shops in Hawley street. A number of other buildings were pulled down; and such judicious steps taken by the fire wards and enginemen as to put a stop to the further devastation which was at first threatened this alarming fire

The alarm of fire on Friday evening, proceeded from a carpenter's shop in Devonshire street, and was extinguished in a few minutes.

*Newport, R I Dec. 26.*

*Shipwreck—*On Monday evening last, the Spanish brig *Minerva*, 16 days from Havanna, bound to Bristol, with a cargo of rum, wine, iron powder and specie, run ashore on the south west point of Brinton's neck, at the entrance of this harbour. The captain, mate, snpercar, go and seven hands, with the vessel and cargo were lost; the boatswain with 9 hands succeeded in getting on shore.

*Counterfeit Bills—*We stated in last Thursday's paper that ten dollar counterfeit bills of the Hudson Bank were in circulation.—We meant to say the Columbian Bank of Hudson.—Gaz

*Distressing event.*—We are deeply concerned to state, that two boys (apprentices to Mr Mathew Carey of Philadelphia) were on the 23d ult. drowned in a brick pond in the vicinity of the city. The pond had been frozen over, and these unfortunate youths, with their companions adventured on it. The younger fell through; and his fellow apprentice, attempting relief, followed him to a watery grave. We trust this melancholy circumstance will operate as a caution to youth in general.

Arrived on Sunday evening last, the schooner *Shepherdess*, of New York, J. Ramson, master, in 6 days from Charleston. Fell in with schooner *Humming Bird*, Tucker, of and bound for New-York, 8 days from the Havanna, in a bad and dangerous condition. Captain R. took her in tow, in which situation they continued until the 21st ult. at half past 10 P M when the *Humming Bird* foundered and instantly sunk. The crew, 13 in number, were with great difficulty preserved by captain R. She had on board 270,000 dollars in specie, and the remainder of cargo in logwood. Her supercargo was Mr. James Gillespie, of New York. Off Sandy Hook on the 22d ult put the crew of the *Humming Bird* on board the schooner *Delight*, then bound into New York.

A postscript to a letter from Buenos Ayres, dated the 9th September, mentions, that the unfortunate General Liniers, with four others, were shot ten or twelve days before, by order of the government. Cruisers of the government at Monte-Viedo were blockading Buenos Ayres.

A considerable treasure, destined for the pay of the French armies was on the 10th September last, intercepted between Coza and Aureza, on the great road leading from Bayonne to Madrid. The enemy, though taken by surprise, made a vigorous resistance; but being driven back, 12 waggons filled with the treasure were carried off by the Patriots as well as 60 prisoners, 30 horses, arms, ammunition, &c. The booty thus made was calculated at 200,000 crowns.

### MARRIED,

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Newark, to Miss Mary S Wattles, of Hartford.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Schureman, Mr. David Andress, to Miss Ida Lane, both of Somerset, Jersey.

At Tortola, on the 8th of Nov. last, Dr. John I. Van. Beuren, of New York, to Miss Eliza Turnbull, daughter of the Hon. William Turnbull, late President of the British Virgin Islands.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. George H. Stanton, of the house of Augustus Wynkoop & co. to Miss Sophia Avery, niece of Jonathan Little, esq. all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milldoller, Mr. John Mott, of the firm of Mott & Williams of this city, to Miss J. Downing of Jericho. L. I.

At Swanzy, Rev. Philip Sleed, aged 51 to Miss Phebe Sleed, of Somerset, aged 24; What is most remarkable in this union, the bridegroom had remained a widower for five weeks, and married after a tedious courtship of 18 days.

### DIED,

At Newtown, L I on Monday last, of a lingering illness, Miss Jane Remsen, daughter of Mr. Simon Remsen.

On Monday last, after a short illness Mr. George M'Crea, a native of Ireland, and lately clerk in the office of the *Evening Post*.

On Sunday last, Mr John James, aged 28.

On Monday morning, of a lingering illness, the Rev Abraham Clark, aged 42.

On Tuesday last, Mrs Elizabeth Bingham, wife of Mr John Bingham, aged 51

At Halifax, Mrs Margaret Caverly.

On Sunday last, in the 61st year of her age, M<sup>s</sup> Eleanor Faber, wife of George Faber, of this city.

On Thursday last Mrs. —Gomez, wife of Mr. Moses Gomez, and daughter of the late Mr. Aaron Lopez.

In the town of Livingston, (on the manor of Henry W. Livingston, esq. late member of congress from the county of Columbia. in the 43d year of his age; a gentleman universally respected.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

—  
To Miss C. T.

SAY Caroline, must I longer strive  
To move your flinty heart?  
And keep my torture still alive;  
By adding to the smart.

Though persevering in my flame,  
May be imputed sin:  
You surely are the most to blame,  
Who raised the flame within.

'Twas thy bright eyes inspir'd the blaze,  
That set me all on fire,  
And from that moment transports rais'd  
Which never will expire.

I languish, pine and fret all day,  
In vain I seek for rest,  
And strive for naught, to drive away,  
This torture from my breast.

But Cupid tells me when I rage,  
His Mistress 'sent him here,'  
And can I then ill treat the page,  
Of one to me so dear.

Let pity melt thy gentle heart,  
Nor treat me with disdain,  
For as by thee I got the smart,  
Pray ease me from my pain.

JOSEPHUS.

*From the Rural Visitor.*

*The Miseries of a Winter Evening.*

HAS plenty, health, and peace been  
given,  
Grateful, enjoy the gift of heaven,  
Whose goodness makes your ways so  
even,

And joys imparts,  
But let exulting pride be driven  
Far from your hearts.

Perehance, a sad reverse may come,  
And ye be doom'd to leave your home,  
'In scanty poverty to roam,'  
By friends forgot:  
For what has been the fate of some,  
May be your lot.

Then let this truth impress the mind,  
And prompt the generous wish refin'd,  
That strive the broken heart to bind,  
And dries the tear,  
And as ye bless so may ye find,  
Increase of cheer.

Ah! who can tell what varied ill  
The child of want is doom'd to feel?  
How many a pang and hopeless chill  
Shoots through his breast.  
See, how he eyes the scanty meal  
For supper drest!

Not all his saving, toil, or care  
Affords the wight a better fare;  
E'en this, as comfortless and spare,  
As it may seem,  
A wife and six young children share,  
'Pending on him.

See where the little prattling clan  
Croud, shiv'ring round the smoking  
tan:  
For now the wife has mov'd the pan  
That simmer'd there;  
And smiling, sets before the man  
Their cheerless fare.

Good natur'd worth ! who thus can  
smile,  
A partner's sorrows to beguile ;  
And, though more wretched all the  
while

Compos'd appear ;  
I give you credit for the guile  
You practice here.

The supper o'er, they haste to bed :  
Alas ! their social joys have fled,  
No more they hear the well known tread  
Of specious friends,  
For ah ! where want and woe have wed,  
Their friendship ends.

Yet they are worthy, neat and clean ;  
Through all their poverty is seen  
A noble pride ! that scorns the mean,  
Unworthy aim.  
Resign'd, on heaven's best hope they  
lean—

A Saviour's name !

N W

THE  
COTTER's *Saturday Night*.

*By Robert Burns.*

Inscribed to R. A—, Esq.

(Continued.)

At length his lowly Cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, sta-  
cher through  
To meet their Dad, wi flichterin noise  
and glee,  
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,  
His clean hearth stane, his thrifty  
wife's smile,  
The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care  
beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour  
and his toil.

(To be Con.)

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